

# THE MAGNOLIA:

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For the Magnolia.

Dreams.

"dulci declinat lumina somno,  
sopitos deludunt somnia sensus."—*Virgil.*

How sweet to dream when potent spells  
Hang o'er the mind, and bring to view  
A scene of glory, such as dwells  
In th' wizard glass of every hue.

How sweet to dream when all we seek  
Untold for courts us, and it is  
So charmed a time, that every freak  
Of the light brain enhances bliss.

How sweet to dream of her you love,  
And think your arms around her thrown;  
To have her smile, and speak, and move,  
And think, that she is all your own.

How sweet to dream, that you have said,  
And done immortal deeds of fame;  
To think, that civicks crown your head,  
That grateful millions bless your name.

How sweet to dream, that all the pains  
Of life are gone—forever gone;  
That you are on th' Elysian plains,  
All danger past, and heaven won.

Hillsdale, Columbia Co.

INCOG & CO.

"The Kaleidoscope."

Tahmiroo, The Indian Wife.

Tahmiroo was the daughter of a powerful Sioux chieftain; she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty; but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was an emblem. Hers was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexible grace so appropriate to protect the dependent woman in refined countries; her ripe, pouting lip, and dimpled cheek wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn."

I know not whether her father's broad lands or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eyes, her trembling lip, and her quiet submissive motion, all spoke its language;—yet various young chieftains had

in vain sought her affections, and when her father urged her to strengthen his powers by an alliance, she answered him only with her tears.

This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French Traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rance, a young indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St. Anthony. His fair, round face, and soporific of dress, might have done little towards gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux, but there was a difference and courtesy in his manner, which the Indian never pays to degraded women, and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, an anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power, which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure, which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this, long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around the more yielding soul of his darling child.

Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rance had acquired skill in many graceful arts, which excited the wonder of the savages. He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist, and in hunting his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of savage life, made him an universal favorite, and at his request he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring propo-

sition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well frighten him from his purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief. With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian he answered. "There are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A king's daughter weds the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in eagle's nests."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated.—In vain she promised that Florimond de Rance would adopt all his enemies and all his friendship; that in hunting and in war, he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old men noticed that her rich voice was silent when they passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermilion current, which mantled under her brown cheeks, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance cast on the morning sun and the bright earth, entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus wasting away. He had long averted his eyes, whenever he saw Florimond de Rance; but one day when he crossed his hunting path, he pointed him to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man, and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers that the village maidens had brought her, scattered and withering at her feet. The chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said in a sudden tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun, and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rance saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted, submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh; but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret,

but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love; that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance with that pleading, innocent look, which had always characterised her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance, such as he had given her in former days, and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman in her heart breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oars, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the streams, while Tahmiroo dipped her oars in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion; but for herself she never prayed. The cross which he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly to her, she kissed it and invoked its aid in agony of soul. She fancied the sounds of his native land might be dear to him, and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe, and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet for all this lavishness of love she asked but kind approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love, for which poor Tahmiroo's heart had yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise; Victorie, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich coloring, and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth, with the majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet, with the

sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower;—and her matured loveliness aroused all the tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping with the chase, with her bounding sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her ear rapidly cutting the waters of the Mississippi, when her boat flew over the surface of the stream like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind round among the eddies, or dart forward with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips darted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the nature of the white man's love; but when he turned his reckless gaze from his daughter to her she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing room or wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victorie only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she, "and why, oh! why does he not love me?"

It was evident that de Rance wished his daughter estranged from her mother, and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the water. De Rance had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her from the attractions of her savage home, and each day's of experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favor his project, he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife, for he knew well that one look or word of kindness would any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused he would ask for leave to sell her land; and she in her prodigality of tenderness would have given him any thing, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the French-

man. Tracts after tracts of Tahmaroo's valuable land were sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, wither he had the purpose of conveying his children, on the pretence of a visit, but in reality with the firm intention of never again beholding his deserted wife. A company of Canadian traders, happened to visit the falls of St. Anthony, just at this junction, and Florimond de Rance to the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victorie at one of the convents in Quebec.—The Sioux pleaded with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence, but she pleaded in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company for Canada. Tahmiroo knelt and fervently sought that she might accompany them. She would stay out she said; they should not be ashamed of her, among the great white folks of the east, and if she could but live where she could but see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!" exclaimed Victoire, proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness, fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victoire, 'tis time to depart!" said her father sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself; but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved.

"Woman let her go!" exclaimed de Rance, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his hand was raised to strike her to the earth. She stood unmoved to receive the intended blow from the uplifted arm of her husband.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux: oh! why did you marry me?" exclaimed she, in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's lands," said the Frenchman, coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo with a piercing shriek fell on the earth and hid her face in the grass. She knew not now long she remained there. Her highly wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain, and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sounds of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there, after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to awaken his mother, he had laid himself down at her side, and



slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed. Her quiet submissive countenance gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centered, but even an unwonted fierceness.—Her only care seemed to be, to make him like his grandfather; and to instil a deadly hatred of white men; and the boy learned his lesson well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded any thing like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as future chief.

Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Mississippi, when Florimond de Rance came among them after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit partly from the hopes of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not. It was only when he spoke to her boy, that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he too would be carried away from her: and she watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young is in danger.

Her fears were not unfounded; for Florimond de Rance did intend by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed, before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance; and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son—but she could not. Something in his features reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccasin he stooped to lace, and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he at the same time,

promised a speedy return. He had always been a stubborn boy; and she felt now as if her worn out spirit would vainly tend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigning stupor, which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request, exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her, the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rance was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for the little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the Land of the Sioux," said she mournfully, and when her father meets her in the Spirit Land, he will know the beads he gave her.

She took the wondering boy by the hand and led him to the river side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for the "wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut, where she had spent her brief term of happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery.—And was she—the wretched, the desperate and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn," of the Sioux for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love!—It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the Spirit Land together," she exclaimed. "He cannot come there to rob me."

She took Louis in her arms, as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat she guided it towards the falls of St. Anthony. "Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the wave, and beckons me!" said she. The boy looked at the horrible fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract. Louis de Rance was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux in the waves of the Mississippi! The story is well remembered by the Indians of the present day; and when a mist gathers over the falls, they often

say, "Let us not hunt to day." A storm will certainly come; for Tahmiroo and her son are going over the Falls of St. Anthony!

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

#### The Rainbow at Sea.

The storm is hushed, the whistling winds are still,  
And ceased the sullen ocean's fearful roar;  
The wandering mariner, wave-tossed at will,  
Rejoices that the dangers now are o'er  
Which late his little bark were spread before:  
The sails unfurled, it swiftly glides away,  
And curls the billow which it fears no more,  
Dashing around the sparkling drops of spray,  
As if it deemed the waters subject to its sway.

Lo, where the dark clouds which obscure the sky  
Are rent in twain as by the lightning's blast;  
The dazzling rainbow meets the tearful eye,  
Which up to heaven in gratitude is cast,  
For perils overcome and dangers past;  
So bright and beautiful it seems to rest,  
In mirrored loveliness too fair to last,  
Upon the summit of the ocean's breast,  
Which bears it nobly as the warrior bears his crest.

The beacon fire of Heaven, sent to guide  
The weary seaman, and his path to cheer,—  
When all of hope within his heart has died  
And death appears before him dark and drear,  
And bows his spirit to the dust in fear.  
When first to view breaks forth the golden light,  
The sorrow of his bosom disappears—  
Again he yields his soul to soft delight,  
And hope begins to dawn all radiant and bright.

He feels within, that the Almighty hand  
Of one is o'er him to destroy or save,  
A power unearthly, at whose least command  
The yawning caverns of the deep blue wave  
Would bury all within one common grave;  
He knows the influence of his love divine,  
And bows in adoration at his holy shrine.

#### Turkish Ingenuity.

During the Festival of the Bairam, an inhabitant of the village of Funduckli had dressed his child, about two years old, in a shawl and cap ornamented with pieces of gold, and entrusted it to a slave, who left it for a moment seated in the court of the house. On his return the child was gone, and every search for it proved fruitless. The father applied to the Seraskier, entreating him to inquire into the circumstances. The officer reflected that the child could not have been carried far, on account of his cries, and therefore must have been taken by one of the neighbors. He did not communicate this idea to any one, but directed one of his messengers to go to the village of Funduckli at the hour of prayer, to enter the mosque, and summon the Iman (or priest) to come immediately to his palace. When the Iman came into the presence of the Seraskier, he received a positive injunction to

come to him again on the morrow, and give him the name of the person who first came to inquire of him the cause of his being sent for to the Seraskier. The Turks in general pay little attention to the affairs of others, not even to those of their priests—consequently, on returning to the mosque, one man only came to him to ask the cause of so sudden a summons. The Iman replied, that it was only relating to a firman which he was to have read, but which was withdrawn. However, on being informed by the Iman of what had passed, the Seraskier caused the inquisitive man to be arrested, and discovered the body of the child concealed under the staircase of his house, and thus proved that it was he who had carried it off. He was sentenced to be instantly drowned.—*Journal de Smyrne.*

#### 'SATISFACTION.'

Dean Swift had a quarrel with a pompous, pragmatist attorney, on whom he determined to have satisfaction by his pen. Accordingly he turned *Æsop's* fable of the apples and the odore into verse—and when he came to the address of the latter to the former,

"How we apples swim,"

he subjoined—

"Thus 'at the bar, that booby Bettsworth,  
Tho' half a crown outpays his sweat's worth,  
Who knows of law, nor text, nor margin;  
Calls Singleton his brother Sergeant."

Singleton was a first rate lawyer, who stood as high in Dublin as our Binney's and Sergeants do here.

Bettsworth, stung to the quick, went very pompously to Swift, and holding out the paper, asked him, with a menacing voice and gesture: "Sir, are you the author of this infamous attack on me?" "Sit down, Sir," says Swift, very calmly—"Do not be in a passion, but let me tell you a short story. When I was young, my dear father—heaven rest his soul!—seeing that I had a turn for scribbling, and fearful of the consequences, one day told me that he was afraid that propensity would some time or other bring me into trouble.—"And, my dear son," added he, "let me give you a piece of advice. Should any libellous matter appear in any newspaper, and any fool or knave call on you to demand whether or not you are the writer—say no;" and therefore, Sir, I say no to you." Bettsworth had no remedy, and went off grumbling—saying Swift was like his own vile Yahoos, besmearing people with his filth, and out of the reach of punishment.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

**The Haunted Tree.**—By Mrs. P. W. Hall.

As yet the resounding axe had never reverberated through our forests. The bright and sparkling waves of the Muskingum, unchecked by the dams and drains with which commerce has shackled its course, swept joyously on unseen by any eye but that of the aborigine.—The 'pale faces' had not yet penetrated so far, and though the brow of the Indian Sachem gathered darker and darker at each succeeding council-fire, as he listened to the recital of the wandering hunter, while he told of inroads made by the bold pioneers, who, fearless of danger, had seated themselves along the shores of the Ohio; yet few of his tribe apprehended the nearer approach of enemies so feared and yet so hated; and the braves of the nation still continued to war or hunt as fancy led, unrestrained by the mysterious terror that reigned in the bosom of their warrior chief.

Onaloosa was old; the snows of eighty winters had chilled his blood, and visions of futurity floated before his eyes as he dwelt with intense interest upon the stories which were borne back from time to time relative to the invaders of their lands. The bow of the hunter hung neglected in his wigwam; the scalping knife and tomahawk were thrown aside, while stretched beneath the tall and beautiful sycamores, which stood like mighty sentinels along the bank of the river, he gave his mind a prey to the anguish which a haughty spirit feels under the pressure of a calamity which no human exertion may avert. "And is it even thus?" said the sad warrior, as his eye glanced over the beautiful hills and tall forests by which he was surrounded: "and is it even thus, that the graves of our fathers and the homes of our childhood must be abandoned to a new race. Yes! the pale faces will stand over Onaloosa's grave, and not one red warrior will be there to tell he was the eagle of his tribe. But why should I murmur? another race was swept away to make room for ours," and his eye rested on one of those mighty mounds so frequently met with in the western states, "and we in turn must yield before the whites. Yet who are they for whom the red man must be swept from the earth?" and musing on this painful yet exhaustless theme, the old sachem perceived not the approach of a boat down the river, until the song of the boatman burst in wild, strange music on his ear. Starting to his feet to fly, for he remembered he was unarmed, he turned to view the strangers, when

astonishment chained him to the spot. In a boat differently constructed from any he had ever seen, sat a fair young girl and a youth of twenty summers; while the boat was guided by two men of large proportions, and skins which told too truly to the Indian that they belonged to the hated race of whites. Clasp- ing his hands across his heaving chest, he continued to follow the boat with his eyes, while a whirl of bewildering thought rushed thro' his brain as the boat tranquilly floated down the stream. They could not be spirits from another world, for the young maiden's laugh rang gaily across the water, and they spake in tones though not understood, yet resembling human accents. Yes, they were white men. The thought was worse than death; it was annihilation to his race, for the Indian knew that wherever the white man planted his foot, the red man must flee from before him.

Dark and gloomy were the looks of the chief as he summoned the elders of his tribe, and imparted to them his discovery that the whitemen were already in the heart of their country, and boldly sailed over their waters. The council fire was lighted, and fierce and high rose the debate; while the warriors of the tribe declared against their old chieftain who had so often led them to battle when he tried to repress their thirst for the stranger's blood; and with all that metaphorical eloquence which distinguishes the Indian orator, they invited each other to war—exterminating war; and spoke scornfully of their chieftain's lameness, as they deemed it. Onaloosa rose to his feet; age could not repress the fire that shot from his eye and curled his lip, as slowly and haughtily he looked round the assembled circle. "Who dared to say Onaloosa feared the stranger! He knows no fear, because he does no wrong. As well to say the eagle fears the sun when he wings his flight far above the cloud, yet touches not the god of day. But the Great Spirit, my brothers, has whispered to me that the path lies open towards the setting sun, and we must obey."

At this moment all eyes were simultaneously turned towards the opening of the circle, where stood a knot of young warriors; and in their centre, bound and wounded, the chieftain recognized the beautiful fair girl who had passed him in the evening, resembling more a vision from another world than an inhabitant of this. Her shining tresses, that glanced to the setting sunbeams like threads of gold, were dabbled in gore; and the bright suffusion of health, and youth, and beauty, had fled before the pallor of death. The beautiful girl was



dying, and faint and afar the war cry rung in her ear, and closed was the eye that had glanced so brightly over wood and river.—Long the old chieftain looked upon the beautiful specimen of a race he believed would soon supercede his own; then resigning the symbols of his authority over the tribe, he made one last request, that the maiden might be buried under the spreading sycamore, where so often he had mused over the mournful destiny of his countrymen; and turning his steps towards the setting sun he was no more seen.

Nearly twenty years had elapsed, and the Indian wigwam had given place to the mill and the forge, which already presaged our rising prosperity, when an Indian canoe apparently loaded with skins was seen at nightfall to row down the river. The occurrence was too common to elicit any remark, but when morning came the canoe was gone none knew whither; but it was observed that the ground was broken beneath a sycamore, and a pile of stones collected on the spot. Often the mist from the river gleams in the still moonlight in fanciful folds around that tree, and imagination shadows out the form of the murdered maiden; and the lofty shade of the Muskingum Eagle, still seems to the fanciful, to hover around the haunted tree.

#### Anecdote of a Parrot.

Mr. Locke in his Essay on the Human understanding has related an anecdote concerning a parrot, of which, however incredible it may appear, he seems to have believed it himself. The story is this: During the government of Prince Maurice in Brazil, he had heard of an old parrot that was much celebrated for answering like rational creatures many of the common questions that were put to it. So much had been said respecting this bird, that the curiosity of the prince was roused, and he directed it to be sent for.—When it was introduced into the room where the Prince was sitting in company with several Dutchmen, it immediately exclaimed in the Brazilian language, "What a company of white men are here!" They asked it, "Who is that man?" (pointing to the Prince.) The parrot answered, "Some general or other."—When the attendants carried it up to him, he asked it through the medium of an interpreter, (for he was ignorant of its language) "From what place do you come?" The parrot answered, "From Maughan." The Prince asked, "To whom do you belong?"—It answered, "To a Portuguese." He asked

again, "What do you do there?" It answered, "I look after chickens." The Prince laughing, exclaimed, "You look after chickens!" The parrot, answering, said, "Yes, I do; and I know well enough how to do it;" clucking at the same time in imitation of the noise made by the hen to call together her young ones.—*Bringley's Animal Biography.*

At the time when Lee was manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, he was determined to improve upon stage thunder. For this purpose he procured a quantity of nine pound shot, and putting them in a wheelbarrow, he affixed thereto a formidable wheel; this done, ridges were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle the wheelbarrow, so filled, backwards and forwards over those ridges. The play was *Lear*, and in the two first efforts the thunder had a good effect; at length, as the king was "braying the peltings of a pitiless storm," the thunderers foot slipped, and down he came, wheelbarrow and all; the stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and meeting but a feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat. This storm was more difficult for *Lear* to encounter than the tempest of which he had so loudly complained, the balls taking every direction. The fiddlers were alarmed and hurried out of the orchestra, while to crown the scene of confusion, the sprawling thunderer, was discovered, lying prostrate, to the great amusement of the audience.

An old gentleman by the name of Gould lately married a girl scarcely nineteen years of age—After the wedding the juvenile bridegroom addressed to his friend Dr. G.—the following couplet to inform him of the happy event:

"So you see, my dear sir, though eighty years old,  
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould."

To which the Doctor replied—

"A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true,  
But believe me, dear sir, it is Gold without U."

An Englishman being taken ill of the yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician that attended him, the propriety of making his will, in a country where people are so apt to die.—The physician, thinking his judgement called in question, tartly replied, "I wish madam, you would tell me that country where people do not die, and I will go and end my days there."

The following Ode was written by the Boston Bard  
it breathes the pure spirit of poetry and patriotism.

## ODE.

When Freedom midst the battle storm  
Her weary head reclined;  
And round her fair majestic form,  
Oppression vain had twined;  
Amid the din—beneath the cloud  
Great Washington appeared:  
With daring hand rolled back the shroud  
And thus the sufferer cheered.

Spurn, spurn despair! be great, be free!  
With giant strength arise:  
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,  
Thy flags plant in the skies!  
Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,  
Let stars thy banners gem:  
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—  
Wear victory's diadem.

Go, tell the world, a world is born,  
Another orb gives light;  
Another sun illumines the morn,  
Another star the night;  
Be just: be brave!—and let thy name  
Henceforth Columbia be;  
Wear, wear the oak-leaf wreath of fame,  
The wreath of Liberty!

He said—and lo! the stars of night  
Forth to her banner flew;  
And morn with pencil dipped in light  
Her blushes on it drew;  
Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,  
All gloriously unfurled;  
Seared with it to his native skies,  
And waved it o'er the world.

## The Queen of the Meadow.

BY MISS MITFORD.

In a winding unfrequented road, on the south side of our village, close to a low, two-arched bridge, thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling, and the picturesque building of Hatherford Mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon, was that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with the clustering Pyracantha, and the clear brook, which after dancing and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river, while pent up in the mill stream, was no sooner let loose, than it subsided into its peaceful and natural character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in.

Many a traveler has stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford Mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when its accompanying figures, the jolly miller, sitting before the door, pipe in mouth, and jug in hand, like one of Teniers' boors, the meal-

ly miller's man with his white sack over his shoulders, carefully decending the out-of-doors steps, and the miller's daughter, sitting about amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

The scenery at the other side of the road was equally attractive, in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of witch elms in front of the porch, a suburb of out buildings behind, and an old fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and its close filbert walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry beds, sloping into the very stream, so that the cows, which in sultry weather, came down by two's and by three's, from the opposite meadows, to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

In my mind, that was the pleasanter scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten of the passers-by, never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would be sure to limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were made in her absence, and no sooner did she appear, than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and, above all, the unrivalled brilliancy of coloring, that made Katy's face, with all its faults, so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her namesake, "on the side that's next the sun," were relieved by curls of brown hair, of the deep yet delicate hue that one sometimes finds in the ripest and latest hazel nut of the season. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance; round, short, and child-like; add to this "a pretty foot, a merry glance, and a passing pleasing tongue," and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.

But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of



his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings, at which rural flirtations are generally begun. Accordingly our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen, without a lover. She had indeed had two offers; one from a dashing horse-dealer, who, having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheaping, proposed for her that very night as they were chaffering about the price; and took the refusal in such dodgeon that he would have left the house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to comfort himself by cheating the offending papa, twice as much as he intended in the horse bargain. The other proffer was from a stayed, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who united the offices of schoolmaster and land-measurer, an old crony of the good miller, in whose little parlor he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still from habit, "Young Sam Robinson." He, one evening, as they sat together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, civilly refused, Master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again, with his wonted phlegm, played a manful part in emptying the ale-jug, and discussing the Welsh rabbit, re-appeared as usual, on the following Saturday, and to judge from his whole demeanor, seemed to have entirely forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighborhood, in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet respectable old couple who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sun-dial, and planted the great mulberry tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a new tenant from a distant country, the youngest son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admiration of the intelligent young farmer, Edward Grey; who being unmarried, and of a kindly and sociable disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was no where a greater favorite than with his opposite neighbor, our good miller.

Katy's first feelings towards her new acquaintance was an awe, altogether different from her usual shamefacedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out, not merely in his conversation, but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally a sudden, laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion. In short, she paid the young farmer, who he persisted in being called, the compliment of running away, as soon as he came in sight, for three calender months. At the end of that time, appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door; then she staid in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had passed, would prattle to Edward Grey as fearlessly and freely as to her own father.

On his side it was clear that the young farmer, with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than this simple village lass. He passed over the little humours, proper to her as a beauty and a spoiled child, with the kindness of an indulgent brother; was amused with her artlessness and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own fireside lonely, and the parties of the neighborhood boisterous; the little parlor of the miller formed just the happy medium—quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation—and thither he resorted accordingly. His spaniel, Ranger, taking possession of the middle of the hearth-rug, just as comfortable as if in his master's own Cemesner, and Katy's large tabby cat, a dog-hater by profession, not merely submitting to the usurpation, but ceasing to erect her bristles at his approach.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little miffs had, indeed, occurred between the parties; one, for instance at a fair held in the next town on the first of May, Katy having been frightened at the lions and tigers painted outside a show, and nevertheless been half-led, half-forced into the booth to look at the real living monsters by her ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened, and afterwards when confronted with the royal brutes, had taken so great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish to have him for a pet;

so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began. The second was about the color of a riband. Katy having been much caught by the graceful person and gracious manners of a country candidate who called to request her father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvass their opposite neighbor, and was exceedingly astonished to find that her request was refused, on no better plea than a difference from her favorite in political opinion, and previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zealous by opposition, began to look grave, and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not her candidate put a stop to the dispute by declining to come to the poll. So that the quarrel was perforce pretermitted. At last a real and serious anxiety overclouded Katy's happiness; and, as it often happens in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations, her cousin, Sophy Maynard, had long been her favorite. She was an intelligent, unaffected young woman, a few years older than herself, the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person she might almost be called plain; but there was such natural gentility about her, her manners were so pleasing and conversation so attractive, that few people, after passing an evening in her society, remembered her want of beauty. She was so exceedingly fond of the country and of her pretty cousin, who, on her part, looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself a hundred times, when most pleased with her new neighbor, "how I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey," and now that cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world, if they had never met. They were heartily delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr. Grey's vivacity: Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other a cultivation unusual in that walk of life. They talked, and laughed, and sung together, and seemed so happy, that Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable, flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort, except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy! she could not tell what ailed her; but

she was quite sure she was wretched, and then she cried again.

In the meanwhile, the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer. There was an air of intelligence between them that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller-maiden. A secret—could it be a love secret? and the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy, when on the point of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford, at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations and the hospitable urgency of her father.

Affairs were in this posture, when one very fine evening, towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows, sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world.

A pleasant walk it was, through those newly mown meadows, just cleared of the hay, with a bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges; now bordered by little thickets of hawthorn and woodbine, and the briar-rose; now overhung by pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime tree in full blossom. Now a smooth turf slope, green to the eye, and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willow-herb, and the blue forget-me-not, and a "thousand fresh water flowers of several colors," making the bank as gay as a garden.

It was impossible not to stop in this lovely spot, and Sophy, who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, ragged-robin, the wild-rose, the crane's bill, and fox-glove, or to use the prettier Irish name for that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country art," and show "what every flower, as country people hold did signify"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declined Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind, gathering a long wreath of the woodbine, and the briony, and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied her bonnet, however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers, quoting the well-known lines from the *Winter's*

Tale, and the almost equally charming passage from Philaster.

At length Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all he could collect of the tall almond-scented turfs of the elegant meadow-sweet, whose crested blossoms arranged themselves in a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant, in Katy's 'country art,' but it is my favorite amongst flowers, and if I were inclined to follow the Eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. And it shall be so," he added, after a pause, his bright and sudden smile illuminating his whole countenance; "the botanical name signifies, the Queen of the Meadow, and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this turf, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand, shall go also. Oh, that the offering might find favor with my queen!" Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she sat her down, trembling, cold, and wretched; understanding, for the first time, her own feelings, and wondering if any body in the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sat, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream, as if to catch one, came to her, and laid his rough head, and his long curling brown ears, into her lap, and looked at her "with eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech"—eyes full of pity and love; for Ranger, in common with all the four-footed world, loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face, and licked her cold hand. Oh! kinder and faithfuller than your master, thought poor Katy, as with a fresh gush of tears, she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sat in that position, as it seemed to her, for ages, whilst her companions were hooking and landing some white water-lines.

At last they approached, and she arose hastily, and trembling, and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose, Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet. "Come and see how nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water, under those hazels! come!" He put her hand under his arm;

and led her thither; and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet, the identical Queen of the Meadow, waving like a plume, over her own straw bonnet; fell herself caught in Edward's arms, for between surprise and joy, she had well-nigh fallen; and when with instinctive modesty, she escaped from his embrace, and took refuge with her cousin, the first sounds that she heard, was Sophy's affectionate whisper, "I knew it all the time, Katy! every body knew it but you! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edward to stay and be bride's maid;" and the very next week they were married.

#### The Wise Coachman.

An old gentleman in the county of Herts, having lost his coachman by death, who had served him many years, advertised for a successor. The first who applied, giving a satisfactory account of his character and capacity for such a place, was asked how near he could drive to the edge of a road, where a sloping bank presented danger. He replied "to an inch," the old gentleman ordered him to be supplied with refreshments, and to leave his address; adding that if he wished for his services, he should hear from him in a day or two. Soon afterwards a second applied, who underwent the same examination as the former, and replied to the last question, that he could drive "to half an inch," and had often done it; he also received the same dismissal, with the same civilities as the former man.—Soon afterwards a third applied, and on being asked the same question, viz. How near he could drive to the edge of a sharp declivity, in case of necessity, coolly replied, "Really, I do not know, Sir, having never tried; for it has always been my maxim to get as far as possible from such danger, and that of my employers." With this reply the old gentleman expressed his entire satisfaction, and informed the man that if he could procure a proper recommendation, wages should not part them, adding, "I am grown old and timid, and want a coachman, on whose prudence and care I can rely, as well as skill."

#### Mischief.

It is a curious fact, that there were, comparatively, more wild tricks played in Philadelphia fifty years ago, when the population was so limited, than at present, with our very numerous population. A number of young fellows—one of whom I know, and who, when he had sowed his wild oats, told me the story



—tied a strong cord around a watch-box, while the watchman was in it, and were hauling it to Chesnut-street wharf, to let it float down the river, when the cries of the watchmen attracting some passengers, caused the rogues to flee. At another time, finding a cart loaded with bricks in the street at night, in front of a house that was then in progress of being built, they carried the bricks up three pairs of stairs, and then took the cart apart and carried the pieces up also, put them together there, and then loaded the vehicle with the bricks, much to the astonishment of the bricklayers when they came in the morning. But the most common trick was changing signs and shew-boards, taking them from one extremity of the city to the other, and making the most incongruous arrangement of them; converting tailors into carpenters—butchers into bakers—printers into rag merchants—apothecaries and druggists into venders of rum and tobacco—and doctors into undertakers.

#### A Successful Appeal.

Bell, a Scotch book-seller in Philadelphia, who flourished during the revolutionary war, published a number of pamphlets, and some books, which he sold at exorbitant prices. A person came into his store one day, and asked for a pamphlet of less than one hundred pages for which Bell asked a hard dollar; whereas a hard half dollar would have been its full value. The person was surprised at the exorbitant demand, to which he made some objection. Bell took the pamphlet from the counter, and was about to place it on the shelf, saying, with a very pompous and significant air, "Sir, this book was made for gentlemen." This tickled the vanity of the purchaser, who, not to lose his claim to that proud title, threw down the dollar, and took up the pamphlet.—*Knickerbocker.*

**A DANDY'S BRAINS.**—Not long ago, a couple of fellows in New-York happening to take a fancy to a young lady, and one of them who was a dandy, sent the other a challenge, which was accepted; and accordingly, they proceeded to the *Jarveys* to try the cold lead. The seconds loaded the pistols with nothing but powder. The one who received the challenge put a rotten egg into his pocket; and when the pistols were discharged the dandy standing ready to fall from the fright, received the egg plump into his forehead, which felled his spindle-shanks quite to the ground, and he applying both hands to his face, scraped off the moving matter, and

and turning his eyes mournfully towards heaven, exclaimed, "O God, see my brains!"—*Lowell Observer.*

One of the most valuable habits of life, is that of completing every undertaking. The mental dissipation in which persons of talent often indulge, and to which they are perhaps more prone than others, is destructive beyond what can readily be imagined. A man who has lost the power of prosecuting a task the moment its novelty is gone, or it becomes encumbered with difficulty, has reduced his mind into a state of the most lamentable and wretched imbecility. His life will inevitably be one of shreds and patches. The consciousness of not having persevered to the end of any special undertaking, will hang over him like a spell, and will paralyze all his energies; and he will at least believe, that however feasible his plans, he is fated never to succeed. The habit of *finishing* ought to be formed in early youth.

#### Pride of Ancestry.

An anecdote is told of Mr. Roger, of Wern-dee, in Monmouthshire, which exhibits the pride of ancestry in a striking point of view. His house was in such a state of dilapidation, that the proprietor was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrriid, made various inquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighboring houses, and, among others, asked, "Whose is this antique mansion before us?" "That, sir, is Werndee, a very ancient house; for out of it came the Earls of Pembroke of the second line; the Lords Herberts of Cherbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook, Ramsey, Cardiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton; the Earl of Hundson; the house of Iroowm and Lanarth, and all the Powells. Out of this house, also, by the female line, came the Duke of Beaufort." "And pray, sir, who lives there now?" "I do, sir." "Then pardon me, and except a piece of advice: come out of it yourself, or you'll soon be buried in the ruins of it."

#### Died,

In this city, on the 12th inst. Dr. John Tallman, in the 73; year of his age.

In this city on the 1st inst. Mrs. Sarah, wife of Elijah Waterman, aged 64 years.

At Athens, on the 25th ult. Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Leander Sheffield, aged 56 years.

From the Saturday Courier.

### THE TWO PORTRAITS.

By N. C. Brooks, A. M.

*Non sum qualis eram.*

Her beauty was the freshness of the maid,  
Just budding into womanhood. The rose  
That bloomed upon her delicate ivory cheek,  
Was crimson as the maiden face of morn,  
When blushing 'neath the glances of the sun.  
Her step was sylph-like—graceful as the tread  
Of the young roe upon the mountain's brow;  
And in it shone most queenly dignity,  
By modesty and virtue softened down.

Upon her pure and intellectual brow,  
Her jetty hair was braided, and, in curls,  
Floated upon her alabaster neck  
Like the dark clouds that shade the silver moon.  
Her steel-like eye reflected the soft beams  
Of a mild, innocent heart, undimmed by care;  
But when impassioned feelings and high thoughts  
Fanned the red glowings of her gifted mind,  
From the dark foldings of the silken lash  
It sent its flashes, like the lightning's gleam  
From the rift thunder-cloud, brilliant and beautiful.

Around her mouth played a bewitching air,  
Carving in smiles her pure, transparent lips,  
As the light Zephyr curls the rose's leaves;  
And when she spoke, the silver accents fell  
Upon the eager ear like the rich notes  
Of air-borne minstrelsy;—and glowing thought  
Embodied sat upon her speaking lips  
In princely beauty; and the hearts of all  
Paid willing reverence to its majesty.

Her feelings were the dreams of wild romance—  
Her thoughts, bright images of poetry;  
The gay, green Earth, with all its garniture  
Of sun-gilt mountains, forests, founts, and flowers,  
Seemed one vast panorama, by the hand  
Of glowing Nature pencilled. To her ear  
The whispering zephyrs from the myrtle bowers  
Wafted melodious music; from bright rills,  
Rolling like molten silver, came the sound  
Of Naiad voices from their pearly depths;  
And from each star sweet airy harpings came,  
Swelling upon the pure ambrosial breeze  
The loud and wild harmonies of Heaven.  
And she was happy;—o'er her brightly shone  
The cloudless sky of life; and, as a fount,  
Perpetual joy sent forth its living streams,  
Filling the heart's deep reservoir with bliss.

Her cheek is alabaster-deadly pale,  
Save where the small and wandering veins appear,  
Contrasting their deep blue upon her pallid brow,  
Stamped with the lineaments of powerful thought.  
Her raven hair is parted, and falls o'er  
Her paler neck, like the funeral boughs  
Of darkened cypress strewn upon a bier.  
Her eye is dark, but dim and lustreless:  
A fallen star, smouldering amid its ashes.  
Yet, ever and anon, as thought awakes,  
And powerful feeling o'er it gleams a light,  
Like sunbeams on the cold gray clouds of morning—  
And then a rosy flush electric plays  
Upon her pale, blanched cheek and bloodless lips,  
In momentary radiance; and forsakes  
That snow-like pall of Hope and Joy expired.

Her voice is plaintive: as her pale, thin hand  
Summers o'er her melancholy lute, it seems  
The trembling low vibrations of a heart  
Whose old-world chords are breaking; and a tear

Rolls like a melted diamond down her cheek,  
From the red crucible of a burning brain.  
The silent solitude of nature—the deep gloom  
Of awful night, shrouded in robes of black,  
Are mournfully congenial to her heart.  
And oft she stands beneath the starry sky,  
Pale, pure, and melancholy, gazing there,  
Like a fallen seraph on its distant home.  
Oh! it is withering to behold the shades  
Of sombre feeling spreading o'er her face,  
Like the broad wings of darkness—the black clouds  
Of melancholy vapour, that arise  
From the lethean fountains of a soul!  
Whose streams are bitterness, wormwood, and gall.  
And is this Love? And does it dim the eye,  
Stealing its heavenly fire with hand Promethean?—  
And blanch the carnivee cheek and rouse the lip,  
Drying the youthful blood—poisoning the founts  
Of man's existence? Do the rainbow hues  
Of Hope grow deadly pale, and Life's young flowers  
Wither before it as before a frost?  
And does its dark eclipse obscure the sun,  
Tarnish the radiance of the silver moon,  
Take from the lustre of the burning stars,  
Darken the brightness of Earth's brightest things,  
Saddening life's music and its poetry?  
And does it bury all the blooming joys,  
The fond anticipations, sunny dreams,  
And buoyant feelings of the spring of life,  
In the cold urn of a crushed broken heart?

From the Novel called "Miriam Coffin."

### The Murderer's Fate.

"But hilt! seest thou that lurking rascal,  
prowling stealthily around thy warehouse?"

"Ay—'tis the same that had to do with the  
boy just now; and see,—the lad is again gam-  
boling in the water. Let us keep an eye upon  
him."

The Indian soon afterwards deposited his  
bundle of clothes between two oil-casks, and  
dropped silently into the water, from the side  
of the wharf next the Grampus. He disap-  
peared beneath the surface, as he doubled  
the corner of the pier, which had previously  
hid him from the sight of Isaac, who was care-  
lessly and boyishly turning summersets in the  
water—sometimes floating like a sleeping ani-  
mal upon its surface, and then diving like a  
waterfowl, and reappearing, after a half min-  
ute's absence, a long distance from the place  
of his exit.

It was necessary for the Indian to breathe  
more than once before he reached Isaac: and  
he did so with the dexterity worthy of an  
Indian, by turning on his back and merely  
projecting his nose for an instant above water.  
Jethro and the Captain watched the wary ap-  
proach of the Indian to the vicinity of the  
unsuspecting boy, until they had satisfied them-  
selves of the ulterior design of the assailant.  
The skiff was again in motion. Another and  
another assailed had both disappeared; the first to  
ferret out his intended prey, and take him by

surprise; and the other, without a thought of what was about to ensue, to try the length of time that he could remain beneath the water without drawing breath. Presently two heads appeared simultaneously above water, confronting each other; and (two long breathing sounds, like the blowing of a porpoise, accompanied by a hurried ejection of water from the mouth, freed the lungs of both the swimmers at the same moment.

"The demon Quibby again!" exclaimed Isaac, as he dashed forward in the water.

A strife of breasting the waves again ensued, which betrayed the earnestness with which each sought to out do the other. In every thing, physically speaking, the Indian appeared to be superior to the boy. His sinewy frame, broad chest, and flat feet, were the identical requisites for a swimmer; while the undeveloped form of Isaac, and his protracted exertion in the waters, unfitted him for coping with his athletic opponent. But though he was not the equal of the Indian in strength of limb, he was superior to him in strategem, which the aquatic disciples of Franklin, who, in his time, was a practiced swimmer, know so well how to execute in the water. Quibby had several times nearly overtaken Isaac, and had stretched forth his hand to secure his prey;—but the little fellow eluded his grasp, and slid away from him under the water in an opposite direction, which left the Indian completely at fault. Though the scoundrel was baffled time after time, he returned to the assault so often and so unrelentingly, that he succeeded at last in luring the boy down. Isaac made his last dive:—but the Indian anticipated him, and pounced upon his back, as he was repeating for the fifth time, the trick of passing under his opponent; and thus, by a well managed feint, drawing his attention to a point towards which he appeared to be steering while his head was above water, but which he changed to a different direction the moment his body became submerged.

The greatest captain of the age ceased to be victorious, after he had taught his enemies the trick of his art, by beating him in a hundred battles. The obtuse intellect of the Indian, (they have thick skulls like the African negro,) at last comprehended that the little Quaker meant to go South below the surface, when his head was driving North above. But he had him now;—and dearly did he intend to repay the gripe of the throat and punch in the stomach which Isaac had administered. Take thy last look upon the sun, brave boy!—The demon of the island has fastened upon thee,

and it will be a miracle if thy spirit is not soon winging its flight to eternity.

It is said that the struggles of the dying man, in the possession of all his faculties, are irresistible; and that no human hand can grapple and master his without the sinews of a giant are brought to try the issue of strength. It was the demoniacal intention of the Indian to drown the boy forthwith, let the consequences be what they would. He had Isaac's neck between his legs, at the depth of several feet beneath the surface of the water, where he held it immovable; while, with his hands, he pressed the body again strongly to the bottom. One minute in this position is an age!—It is an eternity of time! The death-struggle was again come upon the poor little fellow, and the fiend was once more exulting over him! He felt the blood of his whole body rushing to his brain—imagined loathsome snakes twisting about his neck and brow, and his body assailed by frightful sea-monsters. A streaming gush of water poured into his ears and mouth. His reason was on the point of giving way, in the agony of gasping suffocation:—but, a moment, it rallied—and that moment was his salvation!

Isaac, without being aware of the fact, had, in his struggles, been working himself, as well as his opponent, into deeper water. The murderer was obliged to discontinue his endeavors to press the body of the boy downwards, from the necessity which required that he should keep his own head, particularly his mouths and nostrils, in the free air. By this means the limbs of the boy were left at liberty, and he was enabled to brace his feet firmly upon the sandy bottom. His hands were also free; but heretofore he could do nothing with them while his feet were *hors du combat*. But now he gathered himself, instinctively, for a desperate effort; and locking his arms around the legs of his foe, and planting his feet strongly beneath his body, with one mighty surge he raised the Indian from the bottom, and pitched him headlong into the sea! The relief thus gained was just in time. A moment more would have closed the mortal career of the boy. But the advantage thus acquired was not to be lost. Isaac sprang after his enemy with the agility of a dolphin—and, ere he could regain his ballance, his young band, still nerved with the desperation of one battling for life, was firmly twisted in the lank black hair of the Indian. He avoided the experiment, which the native had tried, to conceal the struggling of his victim, and contented himself with holding the head, face downwards, beneath the water, at a length,



—caring nothing for the splashing and floundering of the foe,—which the Indian, while he held the lad, was anxious to conceal, for fear of attracting notice from the shore.

"Perish!" exclaimed Isaac, in accents not loud but deep;—"Perish"—thou black heart-ed savage! Ay—kick if thou wilt, struggle on, monster!—It is my turn now:—I owe thee no mercy,—and die thou shalt the death thou hast twice essayed to bestow upon me, for the alledged sin of my father. Ay sprawl, bite, scratch, it will require something more than human interposition to save thee from the death!"

"Boy! what dost thou do?—Release the Indian, and we will protect thee:—Release him I say!" repeated an authoritative voice close to the ear of Isaac.

"I am not deaf, good friend;—I shall release him in a minute or two, but in my own discretion. The peril be mine; keep off, meddle not with this quarrel, I am desperate! I was but now dying in the grasp of this hell-bound:—twice within the hour has he given me a taste of the other world; and it shall go hard but I requite the favor. Keep off, I say!—By the heavens above us, I will serve thee after the same fashion, if thou darest to come between me and my prey!—Away!—I have said it, he shall die the death of a dog! There, all is over now!"

The limbs of the Indian became relaxed and quiescent. The tide of life had withdrawn to the citadel whence it sprang;—the body floated for a moment, without convulsion, on the surface of the water, and then settled away gradually from the sight. Isaac had loosed his hold, and he stood gazing with stupid wonder upon the water.

"Isaac, my son, what hast thou done?" demanded Jethro, in a choked, but fatherly voice, as sorrowfully he reflected on the termination of the violent and tragic scene, and marked the wild and altered looks of his son.

"Father, is it thou?—Oh save me from the fangs of that dreadful Indian!—But where is he?"

"Where, indeed!" responded the father, mournfully.

Macy plunged into the water after the drowned body. He found it without difficulty, for the water was shallow, and not more than half body deep. The captain placed the Indian carefully in the boat, across a seat in the stern, with his mouth downwards, to give the water egress from the stomach; and then quickly seizing the oars, he pulled for the shore with all his strength, leaving Jethro and

his son wading in the sea. The case of the Indian would not brook delay. The gaze of poor Isaac was fixed and vacant, while Jethro, taking his passing hand in his own, led him gently towards the beach. Exhaustion had rendered him powerless; and perception and memory had fled. The faculties of his mind were sleeping, curtained by what seemed to be a horrid dream,—but which partook too nearly of a tragic reality.

#### A Hoax.

During the Revolutionary war, there was a certain Major Ryan, who was celebrated—perhaps I might with more propriety say notorious—for playing tricks, or hoaxing strangers. Of these I have heard scores, but at present remember but this: He ordered a dinner at the Bowling Green, to be ready at a particular day, about four or five days' distance; giving directions, principally in writing, not only for every dish, but for the order in which they were to be served up; and unless his orders were punctually and literally complied with, no pay was to be required. It was about the time of the adjournment of the Legislature, when there was a great concourse of people passing from Richmond in every direction. On the appointed day, he took his seat in the stage at Richmond, bound for the Bowling Green; and on the road told most miraculous stories of the potency of his olfactory nerves, and asserted that he could smell farther than any man living—even at the distance of a mile, and in a favorable state of the wind, a mile and a half. When he came thus near to the Bowling Green, he began to sniff, and recapitulate the various dishes that were provided for dinner—bacon and greens, lamb and sallad, round of beef, roast turkey, duck, fowls, cabbage, potatoes, corn, &c., &c. A poor green-horn, who was staring at him with wonder, said he presumed he was only joking, as such extraordinary powers of smell were never bestowed on mortal man. Ryan swore he was in earnest, and offered to wager the dinner and wine for the whole company on the correctness of his smell. The poor cat accepted the wager, and as soon as they arrived, placed himself in the passage that led from the kitchen to the dining room. To his utter dismay, he saw the articles paraded in the order prescribed by Ryan, and began to think that he had fallen into the hands of the devil himself. But he had no remedy. The voice of the company was unanimously against him, and he had a heavy bill to pay. Thus far Ryan had a triumph but mark the end of it.

The trick leaked out: and the *hoaxer*, who, however *soft* about the head, was athletic and strong about the arms, determined to have a settlement with the *hoaxer*. He waited until Ryan descended from the stage, when, seizing him by the collar, he took the worth of his money out of his hide; giving him, at the same time, as handsome a pair of black eyes as ever graced any of the pugilistic heroes of Doonysbrook fair, together with a gratuitous warning never again to dare to play "tricks upon travellers."

#### Old Clocks.

I love to contemplate an old clock—one of those relics of by-gone times, that come down to us wrapt in veneration—telling their tale of simple yet touching interest. How erect and prim it stands in yon corner, like some faded specimen of maiden antiquity! Its face bears evident marks of beauty—of beauty decayed, but not obliterated. It is plain that it has seen its best days, but equally evident is it that it was the pride and ornament of its day—unrivalled among its companions. How many eyes have watched the even tenor of its ways, as it moved on in the never-ending yet still beginning journey of the hours. Hours! aye, years have gone by, since that aged monitor of time first started on its course. And they who sat out with it, in the morning of life, whose motions were as active, and whose principles of vitality—if that may be called so which animates a clock—were as strong—where are they? Do they yet linger in the walks of the village? Can they be seen under the old oak tree, or at the door of the cottage? I see them not there; yet there stands the old clock, clicking blithely and patiently as ever. The voice and footsteps are silent of those who journeyed up with it to the full period of a good old age. A new race has sprung up, long and far removed from the other; and as they too watch the progress of the old clock, their hours are fleetly passing by, and time with them will soon be at a close. How impressive then the lesson taught by that old clock, and the simple inscription on its dial-plate—"Tempus fugit."

#### The Young Wife.

The young wife should remember that she has chosen her own lot in life. She is connected with her husband; and if, by decree of an all-wise Providence, he becomes embarrassed, it is her duty to aid him by her kindness, not to mutter or oppress him by her ill temper. Upon the male sex, the task of providing the

means of subsistence is, in civilized countries, almost exclusively imposed, and consequently when they become distressed, and have not wherewithal to provide for their partners, they suffer doubly. They have not only their privations to regret, but yours also; and the world's frown, and the world's often-times unjust censure, falls exclusively upon the husband. The wife can hide herself from the world, but the husband must face its pride and its prosperity. May all young wives be permanently prosperous! But for their own sakes, and for the honor of womanhood, we admonish them not to let adversity, should it unfortunately lap its iron hands upon them, induce them to depart from that affectionate conduct, in word or deed, which they owe to their husbands, and conduct themselves in such a manner as to do away with the truth of the old proverb. "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out the window."

For the Magnolia.

#### Farewell to Collegiate Friends.

I have to go—Imperius calls  
Command me to depart;  
But ere I leave the college halls,  
And quit its hospitable walls,  
The language of my heart  
Must breathe to you, a sad farewell—  
A solemn and a mournful knell!

I have to go—but fain would stay  
To taste of pleasures yet;  
But duty warns my steps away,  
And to enjoyments fleeting day,  
The sun that warmed me's set;  
Then pardon me if I should grieve,  
Such pleasing friends and scenes to leave.

Adieu, my friends! 'tis hard to pass  
Enjoyments magic by;  
'Tis hard to grasp of pleasure's glass,  
And hope to sip of it, "en masse"  
Yet leave it with a sigh,  
Engaging friends one word can tell  
My sorrow—'tis that same farewell.

Adieu, my friends! I fain would weep,  
But manhood stops the tear;  
Yet every vision in my sleep,  
Your forms of loveliness shall keep  
Within my bosom here;  
Farewell! farewell! a warm adieu,  
I bid to pleasure, mirth and you.

ISLANDER.

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